SHOWER AWAY YOUR LONELINESS

by

RJ McCook

&

THE CANDLE

by

India Blue

HMS Press (est. 1982) acquired Atlantic Disk Publishers [ADP] (Atlanta Georgia) in 1994 and in 1995 created its own Imprint: Books On Disk [BOD]. HMS Press ceased its electronic book publishing in 1999. ADP ran out of Stamford Connecticut and BOD ran out of London Ontario. The National Library of Canada requires by law, one copy of any electronic book published for Legal Deposit. All ADP & BOD & EBIP electronic books are being converted from WordPerfect & Text ascii files to PDF files for this purpose. Electronic Books In Print [EBIP] are books produced with the assistance of the London Chapter of the Canadian Poetry Association [CPA] in paperback, chapbook or electronic format.

ALL RIGHTS ARE RETAINED BY THE AUTHOR AND NO PORTION OF THIS MATERIAL SHALL BE COPIED OR TRANSMITTED IN PART OR IN WHOLE VIA ANY MEANS INCLUDING PHOTOCOPIER OR THE INTERNET WITHOUT PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER EXCEPT FOR SHORT PASSAGES USED IN REVIEWS. PERMISSION IS GIVEN FOR PRINTING FOR PERSONAL USE ONLY SHOULD THE READER DECIDE NOT TO READ THIS BOOK ON THE SCREEN, OR ELECTRONIC BOOK READER DEVICE.

Production of this ADP / BOD or EBIP book in PDF format does in no way, mean that the book is being published, reprinted or re-published as an HMS Press publication and is only being produced for Legal Deposit with the National Library of Canada and individual reading samples.

EBIP

Electronic Books In Print

from

London Ontario
literarynewscpa@yahoo.ca

ISBN 1-55253-002-7

Canadian Cataloguing in Publication Data

McCook, Rhonda J.
Shower away your loneliness / Rhonda J. McCook. And, The candle / India Blue

ISBN 1-55253-002-7

I. Blue, India, 1959- . Candle. II. Title. III. Title: The Candle.
PS3563.A26254S54 1997 813.54 C97-931568-7
PR9199.3.M33S54 1997

SHOWER AWAY YOUR LONELINESS
by RJ McCook

The fear of loneliness drove me to accept when my sister and her husband invited me to spend a couple of weeks in Connecticut with them. Their house was always full of people both young and old, so I thought it would be fun or at least more interesting than staring at the walls in my dreary New York apartment.

The first day or two after I arrived I participated in the group philosophical discussions but soon I became frustrated with their argumentative tone. I found them less than relaxing so I began to seek refuge from their narrow attitudes. Quietly, I made my exit, deciding that my sisters brand new custom shower/steam room would take the edge off of my tattered nerves. Gigi, my sister, had designed this shower to have three water heads, a lounging bench, a sitting bench, a steam adapter, the works. I fell in love with it immediately. I snuck through the bedroom, stripped down and jumped in.

I leaned lazily against the chilled tile as the hot water beat against my skin. This was what I called relaxation. I loved the way the moist droplets perched upon my nipples as if they were holding on to me in the most tender of ways. As I slowly began to rub the lavender showergel into my thirsty skin I became aware that someone was watching me. The door stood open just enough for one curious eye to have a clear view of me from the bedroom outside. I found the idea of being watched very arousing so instead of immediately inviting my voyeur in I decided to make this show more interesting for both of us.

The eye stared unblinkingly as I rubbed the rainbath oil over my body. I began at my neck and slowly with massaging motions moved over my breasts and down my silken stomach. I ran my slippery fingers around the length of my waistchain and then lovingly over my slender backside, careful to press my rounded cheeks outward against the glass for my onlooker s pleasure. I continued down my legs bending to reach my ankles and feet. I intentionally worked around my mound so I could lovingly torment my spy as much as possible.

I lounged against the tiled seat lifting my leg for a better view. Looking up I noticed that the crack in the door had widened slightly. My admirer was getting more bold and that made me hot. As I began to massage the puffy lips of my sex, I realized that the shower doors were getting too fogged up for good viewing....so I rubbed the steam away with my foot making it look as if ecstasy was causing my limbs to twitch. I reached down and grabbed the dripping shampoo bottle and started moving it along my seam, hoping this would arouse my viewer into action, but he was strong. It easily slid in and out of me and soon I was coming hard and sweet. I shuttered so hard I nearly trembled off the seat. My cries of ecstasy didn t even move him. I love shy men, but now I was getting impatient.

I slowly lowered my shaky legs to stand. The combination of the water, the heat and the orgasm made me weak. I then slowly stepped out, soaking wet, onto the white Berber carpet aiming to finally unveil my secret admirer. I pushed the door away revealing the startled face of a quiet, yet gorgeous escapee from the boring conversation taking place in the front room . He stood speechless with a raging hard on, unable or unwilling to run for cover. Finally I walked toward him, dripping wet, slowly bending down on my knees in front of him then carefully unbuttoning his fly. He wore no underwear which made me realize that he may be shy but he was

not innocent. The greater surprise was his glistening eight inches of rock-hard readiness that popped out from its denim prison.

I began by caressing his backside, running my hands down then up his muscled legs. I lightly tickled my fingertips over his stout shaft noticing that the skin was so tight and pink it could explode at any time. I didn t want to risk losing this powerfully erotic moment so I ran my thirsty tongue along his manhood from underneath the base to the top where I gently kissed off the dew which had bubbled onto the hungry head. Teasingly I started to rise and turn away giving the impression that I had decided against this interlude on my sister s beautiful white carpet but after an agonizing few seconds I leaned back and clutched his protrusion urging him to follow. I led him into the shower fully clothed and ready for a new experience.

As the water worked away his inhibitions I pulled away his clothing. He was beautiful. Thick black hair covered his broad chest ending only at the rippled muscles of his contoured stomach. Long tawny legs stood strongly beneath his 6 frame extending from his perfectly rounded backside. His arms seemed strong enough to crush me, but they simply moved with forceful grace over my body.

Soon, much to my delight, he took control. The shyness he once showed faded away as his desire overtook him. His eyes never left mine as his methodical hands moved over my oiled body. He made love to me with his stare as if we had been lovers throughout the ages. The water was beating hot against the raised chill bumps covering my body. Loneliness began to fade as I gave into the moment.

My newfound lover took the shaving cream from the nearby shelf and slowly lathered my mound, occasionally inserting an oiled finger to keep me on edge. As he shaved the hair away from me I yielded completely to his touch. He wouldn t let me move toward him, he wanted to pleasure only me.

As the excess cream oozed away from my tingling sex I felt soft sucking on each of my toes then finally the tickle of a clean shaven beard kissing up my thighs. I felt myself begin to come as his hot breath touched my naked nether lips. My juices covered his face even though he was not even touching me. His eyes pierced me as he used them to urge me through my orgasm. I squirmed to touch him as I thrust my hips forward he held me lightly, easily resisting my urgency. I felt as if my sex was going to reach out and take him in. My body was crying as tears of frustration and excitement mixed with the moisture of the shower. Finally a single heated stroke of his talented tongue came upon my aching button. Incredible energy passed from his tongue into my body, opening my very soul.

He then stood strong and naked in front of me pointing at my breasts with his perfectly shaped member. I reached for him, but he caught my hand before I could touch him. Instead he gathered my oiled body in his arms and lowered me with magical ease directly down onto him. My body offered no resistance. The connection was total and complete. With one incredible insertion I was totally filled. His hardness buried into my softness nearly drove me insane.

He lifted me as if I was weightless. He made me feel secure as his strong arms raised and lowered me onto him. My clit rubbed gently against the base of him, sending electric shocks throughout my body with each thrust. His mouth enveloped mine, lightly sucking my lips and neck. It felt as if he would eat me alive and I succumbed willingly.

He carefully lifted me from him and placed my feet on the shower bench in front of him. My sex pulsating in his face, he began to needle my clit with his hardened tongue. Each stroke was deliberate and exact. Every inch of my body was on fire as my lover tickled and vibrated me

into yet another orgasm. I didn t care that my screams could be heard in the other room. I was in heaven. After lapping up my juices from the front he turned me around bending my face toward the tiled wall. From the back he licked the full length of my split from top to bottom making me lose track of all reality. His hands moved over me as caressingly as the water danced over my skin. I had crossed over into a headiness in lovemaking that I had never reached before.

My head was spinning from all of the elements of this fantasy come alive. My lover carefully lowered me into a squatting position in front of him allowing just enough room for him to enter me from behind. My body ached for him as I eagerly devoured every inch. He rocked me with gentle yet vigorous movements. The pace became frenzied as he thrust himself to orgasm. The second I felt him tense, I tightened to drain him completely. As I circled and thrust my hips, his moans became louder, peppered with ecstatic pulses. I turned to see his face as he released into my body and realized that he was as lost in this experience as I. The loneliness I felt just hours before was but a distant memory now. I was happy and fulfilled. As I collapsed into his arms, he laid kisses over my eyes, around my nose, and finally ran his talented tongue into my awaiting mouth. He carried me out and laid me gently upon the rosy down comforter covering the antique bed. Carefully he blotted the wetness from my body with my sister s favorite furry robe which lay beside me amongst the pillows. My lover brushed the strings of hair that matted against my face and smiled at me with the warmest of sexy smiles. He placed his head against my breasts as he stroked my stomach with light feathery fingertips. We fell asleep in each others arms, exhausted from our long hot shower. I dreamt of nothing because my dream had come true. Loneliness had faded completely, never to return**.**

II

The Candle
by India Blue

A single candle burns in the corner of the otherwise dark room; its flickering casts bizarre shadows across the ceiling and walls. I am alone for now but I do not move from this bed where I have been told to stay. I lay naked, limbs spread, with my feet to the door and my body exposed to whoever will enter. Fear keeps me here . . . I am afraid of the consequences of trying to leave, but more, I am afraid of what would be denied should I succeed.

Someone has come into the room. I close my eyes and listen to the approaching footsteps, trying to tune my senses to my surroundings. Just as I begin to open them again, I am firmly blindfolded. I lay still and wait, unsure, afraid, excited. One hand is shackled to the bed, then the other. My legs are spread further apart and each ankle is bound to a bedpost. There is a chafing when I test the bindings. This discomfort is the beginning.

I am alone again and no longer am I free to leave. I cannot see the shadows anymore but the smell of the wax and the occasional sputtering of the wick tell me the candle still burns. I realize suddenly that without conscious effort my other senses have become more acute. Perhaps it is because I am relying on them to protect me from what I cannot see. Yet no matter how alert, I cannot defend myself. I am a prisoner of my own choosing, bound by my decision to discover whether freedom is ultimately found in relinquishing control.

Anxiously I await for someone to return, for something to happen. The tension causes my pulse to accelerate and my breathing to become more rapid and shallow. Muscles contract around my thighs and crotch. Time seems suspended and although I know myself to be securely bound to the bed I also feel that I am floating. Between my legs I am wet and warm and I am certain that I can smell these changes in my body. This sensual awakening excites me. I ache to reach down and massage my swelling clit. I contract the muscles around my cunt which only serves to increase the throbbing and leaves me wanting. I pull at my bonds again, this time testing the ones on my ankles as well. Everything is secure. I cannot move except to arch my back as I strain against the bondage. The sound of bare feet moving across the floor toward me creates a tidal wave of anxiety that sweeps me up and throws me high onto its crest. A moan escapes and I am not sure which emotion has pushed past my lips that have vowed not to speak that night. Again time enters another dimension as I wait, knowing that someone is standing at my side. Then a trickle of warm fluid is poured down my body, from my neck to my mound, and is spread by soft, warm hands across my torso and along my arms. As it is massaged into my neck and shoulders, I detect the subtle fragrance of almond oil and rosemary, a scent of calm and submission. I am relaxing, surrendering to these ministrations when suddenly my nipples are grabbed and pulled hard. I gasp and begin to struggle, even though I am also being swept away by this new feeling. It is pain and yet it excites me. I have long believed that pain is relative to the person and the situation, and here with one excruciating example I learn I have been right. I succumb to the sensation, to the desire, and I embrace the pain as part of my pleasure and a key to my quest.

Deftly and firmly my nipples are pinched and rolled between unseen fingers. My whole body responds to this one act, leaving me gasping and yearning. All I can think about is fucking something. My cunt is dripping wet and aching. I cannot speak or I would beg someone to or fuck me or free me.

My nipples, released, ache and tingle, and I can feel that the usually soft brown skin is taut and the centres hard. There is no release for me though. I am bound by ropes and the captive

of primal urges that obscure my thinking and rule my body. A hand lightly touches my chest causing a frisson to travel along my spine. Fingers trail sensuously down, circle my breasts and trace each rib. Slowly, teasingly, fingertips play over my skin and nerves, moving closer to my clit but never touching it. Sweet torture this - wanting something badly but having to wait. The tension increases creating an intense pleasure all it's own. I thrust my hips up to connect with the movement and the force - to invite the hands to move down to part the cleft between my legs. Instead I am tortured as they pass by to stroke the soft insides of my thighs.

Both hands slip under my buttocks, holding them firmly, then work the flesh as though it were clay to be molded to the master's wish. A single finger moves between my cheeks and probes my ass sending bolts of lightening up my spine. The penetration goes quickly deeper and I begin to moan loudly, a mixture of protest and approval. Sensations blend together: pain and pleasure fuse. A second finger enters and I am transfixed. Suddenly my whole being exists in this feeling. The fingers move, a fucking motion, and I respond, rocking my pelvis in rhythm. The pain dissolves into ecstasy as I surrender myself to having my ass fucked.

The fingers thrust harder and faster and my body keeps pace. My ass contracts around them as they pull at its opening, causing waves of pleasure to spread down my thighs and into my cunt. I am breathing rapid, shallow breaths that reach a crescendo as I scream in primal release. All that I have experienced thus far on this bed melds, and I realize that I did not have an orgasm - I became one.

My breathing slows, muscles relax and I drift. Gently the massage is resumed, down my legs to my feet. There is devotion in the attention given to each toe, to the sole and to the instep. I have to wonder though if the perfume of the oil is not that of the fabled poppies of the Elysian fields. Should I give in to this bliss or should I be alert? A gentle hand caresses one shoulder and then another larger hand begins to stroke the other. I have two attendants now. I may not see but I clearly recognize the musty scent of an aroused male.

The bindings on my ankles are loosened and several pillows are placed under my hips so that my cunt is raised to the ceiling. A strong arm reaches under my ass and lifts me up. I can feel the rough finish of toweling as it brushes against my skin. It seems the bed is being draped, prepared for something. I am lowered again, only to have my legs pulled high on the bedpost and tied there. I am aware that the cadence of my breathing has changed as my anxiety has begun to increase.

A new sound. It is the squeaking, popping sound of a cork being pulled from a bottle. The air moves in front of my face and I can detect the bouquet of red wine. A wet finger touches my lips, parting them gently and then reaches in to bathe my tongue in the Dionysian liquid. I open my mouth wider and am rewarded with wine coursing down my throat. There are rivulets flowing along my cheeks but they are soon lapped up by a hot, thirsty mouth. I shiver Asa wet tongue glides along my throat, my breasts and begins to flick at and nibble on each nipple until it is erect. Drops of cool wine fall on my breasts and pool between them. More is poured from my chest to my mound. The cold bottle is set upright between my legs, against my flaming flesh as my skin is licked dry. It is drawn along my open crotch and lifted to my thirsting lips. I drink deeply of its rich redness, trying to savor every nuance, so that this can be added to the tapestry of sensations of this night.

The bottle is taken from my mouth and I hear the two move to the end of the bed. The smaller hands part my fleshy, swollen lips exposing what is normally hidden. I have only seconds to wonder what will happen as I am soon anointed with a stream of wine that splashes onto my

belly and thighs. As I am almost suspended, I can barely move, though my muscles are contracting, responding to the cold. I feel the mouth of the bottle touch my clit and slide down to my open cunt where it is immediately and forcefully thrust in. I gasp as I feel the wine pouring into me. I am full. I am overflowing with wine and my own fragrant juices. The bottle is rhythmically inside me, threatening to impale me on my own hedonistic fantasies. Harder than a cock, the neck of the bottle rubs roughly inside of me, it s coldness driving me into a frenzy. I am yelling and pulling fiercely at my restraints as I come.

The bottle is pulled out quickly and two mouths cover my crotch. I am a chalice from which they drink greedily. The sound of the lapping, the sucking, the licking is driving me mad. My clit is held firmly between teeth, rubbed rapidly by a tongue. Another orgasm grabs me, then another. My ankles are burning and my back is aching. I plead for mercy only to be gagged. A tongue reaches deep inside my wet tunnel as fingers play roughly with my clit and my sanity. My lips, my thighs and my ass are bitten so that I am overwhelmed with sensations, unable to think. My body responds without inhibition and I explode in another orgasm.

A warm, soft cloth bathes away the last of the sweet remains of the wine. I am curled on my side, all bonds removed, too tired to leave - too satisfied to want to. I feel like I am in a dream, floating somewhere between reality and this bed. Small hands gently smooth lotion into the skin of my back and neck. They encourage me to roll over, then tenderly soothe my wrists and ankles and massage the sting from the bites and pinches. My face is held in these hands, caressed and stroked. Fingers reach up under the blindfold to trace my closed eyelids, then move down to lightly touch my lips and the sensitive corners of my mouth. My parted, trembling lips are kissed. Soft kisses as sweet as the wine she has drunk from between my legs gently cover my face and mouth.

Unseeing, I seek out her face, embrace it in my hands and return her kiss. She opens her mouth to me and I explore its soft wetness with my tongue. I run the tip of it along her smooth hard teeth, imagining them once again grasping my nipples. She moves to cover my ear with her mouth, her hot breath entering me, disorienting me. My chin, my neck, my face are anointed with her passion. Her hot, wet tongue licks my throat, the sensitive place below my chin. She holds my breast in her hand and lowers her mouth onto the now erect nipple, sucking and teasing with her teeth. I am swept along by a flood of sensations. Still swollen, my clit begins to throb and again I am consumed by the need to fuck. As I turn to hold her, I am grabbed by large, strong hands that lay me down and part my legs. I am straddled, then without warning, am roughly entered. I begin to struggle but then I realize I am still in control. This is my fantasy and I embrace it, wrapping my legs around this man and surrendering myself to this woman's mouth. Three bodies, one purpose.

Our passion is a dance - spontaneous, at times wild, always to the beat of a primitive drum. We caress, we kiss with hungry, searching mouths, we fuck, until gasping for air and lost in ourselves, we come. In this abandonment, in this loss of control, I am finally free.